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Mrs. Lizzie Tapley<sup>us</sup>  
with kind remembrances  
from her friend and  
cousin

Ellin M. Kendall

Nov. 6<sup>th</sup> 1888



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# POEMS

BY

JAMES BROWN KENDALL

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FRAMINGHAM

1878

J. C. CLARK, PRINTER, SO. FRAMINGHAM, MASS.



THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED

TO MY FATHER,

FOR WHOM THESE POEMS ARE NOW PRINTED, THAT AS HIS YEARS INCREASE  
AND HIS SIGHT GROWS DIM, HE MAY MORE EASILY READ AND  
ENJOY THE VERSES OF THE SON HE SO DEARLY LOVED.

E. M. K.



IN MEMORY OF J. B. K.

CLASS OF 1854.

I N the low land seen only by the skies  
And birds and aged oaks and silent leaves,  
Beyond the grass-grown road a graveyard lies,  
Still and serene as hours that Summer weaves.

There no wild wind doth ever rudely pass,  
But blends the treetops in a loving strife,  
And makes a low, sweet music in the grass,  
And wafts the happy dead to newer life.

The peaceful dead sleep in the peaceful field,  
Year after year adds solemn, slow increase  
Of such as unto Christ in death are sealed ;  
Spring knits the turf again, and all is peace.

There sleep, thou tender spirit, sweetly sleep,  
Dreaming of all the love that yearns for thee ;  
And I will dream that I no longer weep,  
And all the night thy form shall visit me.

So sleep in peaceful rest ; and lightly lie  
The mingl'd flowers and earth upon thy head ;

No cloud shall cross thy small, blue cope of sky,  
But stars shall all their pensive influence shed.

There thou shalt watch through the gray winter  
night,

The snow-robed trees outspread their long white  
arms,

Wooing the perfect moon, whose clear, chaste light  
With vestal beauty all the woodland charms.

In these white weeds Nature no longer mourns,  
But hides her fallen leaf with bridal veil ;  
And he whose form to us no more returns,  
Walks in new beauty that shall never fail.

For me, I dare not think an evil thought,  
Knowing thy noble spirit may be near,  
Knowing the wrong in life, on thee I wrought,  
Who would not see the bad, is now made clear.

I meant with thee to wait the certain years,  
Nor pluck the unripe fruit of fame too soon ;  
Nor sing raw songs to incontinent ears,  
Or blandly wear the devil's peaked shoon.

We evermore grow old and learn new things ;  
Thou hadst youth and all, in that last, first breath !  
Time cannot give us what the instant brings,  
Or life be aught, beside the Life in Death.

—*J. A., in Boston Daily Advertiser.*

# POEMS.

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## MEMORIES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

A POEM DELIVERED BEFORE THE "POLYMNIA," HARVARD COLLEGE,  
JULY 11, 1853.

KIND Nature's rule is marked with gladdening  
change

In every Season of the circling year.  
O'er all her broad, illimitable range  
New beauties, fairer than the old, appear,  
And Earth is grateful for the generous cheer.  
Where'er upon her varying robes we look —

The strange Enchantress mortals must revere  
Whose laws no dull monotony will brook —  
No two like pages in her magic book.

Forth comes with merry glance and laughing eye  
Gay Spring, obedient to his parent's sway; —  
Enlivening earth as swiftly passing by  
He scatters blessings on his joyous way

And yields to Summer's still more glad array ; —  
Summer whose gorgeous wealth of living green  
Is born to die in Autumn's golden day  
Till twilight blends in night the closing scene  
And Winter whitens earth with silver sheen.

And as with Nature — so it is with man,  
Swept by an ever-flowing tide along  
The sea of life — when widest but a span,  
Around his bark the hurrying waters throng  
Amid the current running deep and strong.  
Far off he hears the stately-swelling roar,  
The solemn music of the wild waves' song,  
Pealing the trackless wastes of Ocean o'er —  
Dashing and breaking on Time's boundless shore.

His careless childhood's rosy morning light —  
'Tis like to Nature in her budding Spring.  
And youth is Summer, when the world is bright,  
When joy and hope their garlands o'er him fling,  
And songs of gladness ever near him sing.  
But Autumn's yellow leaves and skies of gray  
The sterner years of manhood's season bring ;  
Till age the call of Winter must obey,  
And man, his life all ended, pass away.

These hallowed haunts, these consecrated shades,  
Where long has lingered Learning's favorite  
shrine ; —

Among whose waving trees and peaceful glades  
The memories of a cherished past entwine—  
As o'er the massive walls the clinging vine:—  
These Nature's all-pervading arms enfold  
And Nature's laws to constant change consign,  
Whether her mantle shine with green or gold  
Or snows or blossoms deck this classic mould.

As thus the Seasons, borne on Nature's wings,  
These ancient scenes with varied hues impress,  
Kindly our loving Alma Mater brings  
Ages, not like, her foster sons to bless,  
Throwing o'er each a freshly-woven dress.  
Four years her watchful cares our footsteps guard,  
Shedding new blessings from each golden tress.  
How like these gifts, with which our skies are  
starred,  
To Nature's changes in the College yard!

With a giant frame and a beard of white—  
In a sombre garb, like a child of night,  
With a wrinkled brow and a tottering tread,—  
As one whom the years of youth had fled,  
Winter, cold Winter, has bended his head,  
And the king, that sat on the ice-throne, is dead.  
O'er his grave, borne along on the soft wind's wing,  
Comes the silvery laugh of the wreath-crowned  
Spring.

The old man died, when the brave child was born,—  
The night passed away in the light of the morn.  
He comes and his pathway is brightened the while  
With the golden gleam of his joy-lit smile.  
The murmuring waves of the swift-flowing brook  
Have loosened their chains at the spell of his look,  
And the rippling tide, as it dances along,  
Is ever repeating its welcoming song.  
O'er mount and o'er plain, o'er valley and hill,  
In the waves of the sea and the voice of the rill,  
In the low of the herd, in the birds' wild thrill—  
The music of welcome is echoing still.  
Where the breezes play on the oak-kings old,  
Where the sunlight streams on woodland and wold ;  
Where, mortals unhearing, the spirit bells ring,  
That live in the leaf and the tiniest thing, —  
The voices of Nature all gratefully sing  
Their song-words together, in welcome to Spring.

Turn we, with a silent yearning, to the classic  
home of Learning,  
Where the spirit of the present guards us 'neath  
his fostering wing ; —  
Here amid the branches bending, 'mid the murmurs  
never-ending, —  
There are grateful anthems rising, gushing upward  
unto Spring.



Comes he treading lightly ever, like the flowing of  
a river,  
With a chaplet greenly twining o'er the beauty of  
his brow —  
And his loosened ringlets golden, floating o'er the  
places olden,  
Tinge the scenes, but lately dreary, with a richer  
coloring now.

Little blades of grass are peeping, with a noiseless,  
steady creeping,  
Forth from out the teeming bosom of the fruitful  
Mother Earth.  
Buds upon the trees are forming, in the sunlight  
ever warming,  
And the leaves are thickly thronging, springing in-  
to joyous birth.

Everywhere the birds are flying, with their busy  
fellows vying,  
Bearing to the chosen branches what shall make  
their Summer nests,—  
While their gratitude revealing bursts the wild,  
unfettered feeling,  
Thrilling forth in music pealing from their quickly  
throbbing breasts.

Then the gentle shower descending, with the grass  
and branches blending,

Covers Alma Mater over with a mantle still more  
green ;—

Earth with newer life is springing, Nature wilder  
songs is singing,—

Thus in Spring the rain refreshing only brightens  
all the scene.

Taller still the grass is growing, warmer are the  
breezes blowing,

And the waves of Spring are flowing to their  
Summer ending way ;—

Wider yet the trees are branching, broader are the  
shadows glancing.

( And the College yard is greener in the mellow  
light of May.

O'er each time-imprinted building pours a gloom-  
dispelling gilding,

As the walls are clearly shadowed thro' the canopy  
of leaves ;

And the magic artist tracing, every rugged trait  
effacing,

Floats about in airy wavings like the veil enchant-  
ment weaves.

Taller yet the grass is growing, warmer breezes  
still are blowing,—

Gayer is the garb of Nature, in the blitheness of  
her play,

For the days of Spring are ending, from his leaf-  
crowned car descending,—  
Comes the youngest of his number — 'tis the wan-  
ing light of May.

Spring has faded, but the gladness is not all un-  
mixed with sadness;  
Still we linger fondly ever on the joys that once  
have been ; —  
And in memory oft returning, think we with a  
“silent yearning,”  
Of the days when he enfolded first these shades in  
dress of green.

From Aleph to the other end, from the cradle to  
the grave,  
From the first delusive bubbles to the last depart-  
ing wave,  
From the hurry, heat and horrors of the fierce  
Examination  
To the dropping of the curtain o'er the evening of  
probation,  
From the “won't anybody hurt me” step, which  
first o'erpaced the yard,  
To the incipient swagger that tells of getting  
“hard,”  
While o'er the walks of Harvard the trees a shadow  
fling,

The Freshman year in College must be the type of  
Spring.

'Tis evening at the "Brattle" and standing at the  
door,

Is a Freshman, (if he enters) a Freshman, "nothing  
more."

Sadly he stands in thoughtful mood and muses on  
the morrow,

The dread examination — the fiery day of horror —  
And trembles lest his scanty stock of country-  
gotten knowledge

Should fail to set him, hair unsinged, within the  
bounds of College.

What need to tell his musings — the spirit whines  
of woe —

For we were trembling Freshmen, not many years  
ago.

But thro' his tears a voice he hears, "What, down  
in the mouth, my jolly ?

Cheer up my lad, the world is glad, to have the  
blues but folly ;"

And a tap upon the shoulder makes him look to  
see the tapper

"Perhaps," his fancy whispers, "'tis an evil spirit  
rapper."

Oh no, a spirit never wore a coat of such a style,

Or ever saw in Spiritdom *exactly* such a tile.

"My friend," the comer thus began, "the president requested

Myself to ask you how you were, and how last night you rested,

He saw and has conceived for you a violent affection,

And sent me here to offer you the shade of his protection.

He hopes you'll enter—don't you smoke? Ah well, I would'nt learn,

I have to smoke for headaches and a kind of jumping heart-burn."

He spoke, and knocked the ashes from the end of his cigar,

And tipped a very knowing wink to the man behind the bar ;

"Of course you know the sacred tasks of the Examination?—

What, no! young man, you put me in the greatest consternation.

How will they know your character, whether your heart be right?

Great Jove, it was a lucky thing we thought of you to-night.

The first of Matthew's gospel your strict attention claims,

That grand historic picture of Scripture proper  
names.

They ask them all in order;—I wouldn't study late  
It is'nt best to fret yourself into an anxious state.

Good-night, remember Matthew, be sure and lock  
your doors,

For prowling after Freshmen are those godless  
Sophomores."

The little grass is peeping up above the earth-deep  
scene;

The bud is coming, and the whole is wonderfully  
green.

The College sea has overflowed, the wave-gates are  
unbarred,

And the *Freshet* pours resistless over the flooded  
yard.

A Freshman! all his wildest dreams are gloriously  
real

And that is now the *actual*, once only the *ideal*.

Oh, 'tis indeed refreshing to get an "*admittatur*,"

And take a nap "*sub tegmine*" of one's own Alma  
Mater.

So leaps the heart of Nature after the soft, Spring  
rain,

When the yellow sunlight glitters on tree and earth  
again.

Our Freshman rooms in College, a pure, confiding  
youth,

Brought up to love his parents and always tell the truth.

He wonders how the Sophomores those wicked oaths can bear,

And *knows* — deluded Freshman — that he will never *swear*.

Perhaps ambition fires his soul and rumbles in his breast,

And a frantic hope inspires him to tower above the rest.

He rises faithfully at four and scans his lessons well,

Till warned to his devotions by the first Mills' tolling bell.

He digs a term and at its end comes up the mooted question,

Whether digging be not liable to injure one's digestion,

And finding that 'tis apt to, he and the shovel part  
To gain the reputation of "don't dig, but very smart."

The leaves are growing thicker in the crescent warmth of Spring,

The bell-tones in the branches with clearer pealings ring.

And so the Freshman waxes as wanes the Freshman year,

And wondrous are the changes that in the lapse  
appear.

But many hands and abler have sung the verdant  
age,

Mine must not linger longer on this initial stage.

We've seen him when commencing—one glance  
unto the close

Without narrating further his twice and thrice told  
woes.

A year in College. What a change—ye gods! how  
came it so?

Is this the milk and water that we saw a year ago?

Whence comes that tinge, that odor whence? the  
ruddy liquid hand me.

O tell it not in Israel, the milk has turned to  
brandy.

That pious look of innocence, that unsuspecting air,  
Those pants that spoke a moral—that peaceful  
cap—are where?

And where has gone the roundabout, the old,  
ingenuous jacket?

Go ask the cushion that he stuffed,—bought  
second-hand of Brackett.

He is not as he used to be—strange clothes he  
loves to wear,

And sometimes—how distressing—he's even  
heard to swear.



He's learned to smoke, and cheap cigars had made  
him Ramsay's debtor,  
Till he found his chum's tobacco and thought that  
pipes were better.

He's cultivated oysters and drank intensely ale  
And grown robust and red-faced instead of thin  
and pale.

He's ridden quite extensively—who cares about  
the bill?

Ah, Freshman when you pony up, you'll find it all  
up-*hill*.

And last of all he has a spree—in which he settles  
quite—

How *loose* his morals really are, and gets ex-  
tremely *tight*.

So ends his College Spring-time, the skies of Sum-  
mer glow,—

Your part is played—the curtain falls—ye Fresh-  
men heroes go.

With gentler winds the branches wave,  
In music murmurings o'er the scene;—  
The Heaven-distilling dew-drops lave  
The beauty of a richer green.

The voice of Summer fills the air,  
And waft's earth's festal days along—  
When all, that meets the eye, is fair,  
And all, that strikes the ear, is song.

His glories shed a brighter gleam  
On Harvard's leaf-encircled trees ;  
And, like an ever singing stream,  
They rustle in the Summer breeze.

Nature is wild with very joy,  
And e'en runs riot in her play.  
So frolics forth the laughing boy —  
The morning of a holiday.

At evening thro' the silvered leaves,  
The full moon pours her witching light, —  
And with her fairy pencil weaves  
The scene in beauty all the night.

The magic-painting lightly falls  
On all below with silent beam,  
And 'neath the spell, the old brick walls  
Like lordly feudal castles seem.

And thus these haunts in long array,  
The spirits of the Summer guard.  
Who does not love the joyous day  
Of Summer in the College yard ?

His wreath will fade, he too must die,—  
His sunny, short-lived reign has ceased ;  
For rises o'er the yellow sky  
The star of Autumn in the east.

The Drama changes ; on the College stage,  
Appears the second, Sophomoric age —  
The wanton Summer time of College life,  
With foolish wisdom and wise folly rife.  
When fairly fledged from chickenhood's repose  
The full-grown rooster flaps his wings and crows.  
He vaunts his honors in his first vacation,—  
The Mother's fright, the maidens' admiration.  
And e'en his walk the wondering village o'er,  
Says, plain as speech, "I am a Sophomore."  
Six weeks the people gape and stare, and then  
The great man leaves—and all is still again.  
He drops on Harvard, singularly clad  
In motley coat and pants of fearful plaid,—  
And on his lip, to cut a perfect dash,  
He blacks the shadow of a friend's moustache.  
As thus got up, he views him in the glass ;  
He thinks with pity of the Freshman class.

The wild exuberance of the Summer state  
Impels him onward to be something great.  
With five companions deeply he conspires —  
Each one an Etna full of hidden fires.  
In hollow squares they charge at dead of night,  
And put one Fresh. in snowy garb to flight.  
Or, bravely sworn to do or die, they dare  
His room to enter, when he is not there.

Beneath their windows, if perchance he's led,  
A Summer-shower—not heavenly—greet his  
head.

He grasps his hat—an incoherent mass—  
And vows stern vengeance—on another class.

Sometimes arrayed in most exhausting dress,  
Our Soph. invades the crowded ball-room's press.  
With scented locks and condescending smile  
He shows the last, sublimest, Harvard style.  
He mingles lightly in the graceful dance,  
Or quenches damsels with his ardent glance ;—  
Until at last, a fair one dares to say,  
In gentle tones, “are you a Freshman,” pray ?  
The cruel cut makes every fibre glow ;—  
A Freshman, say you ? Freshman, Madam, *no* !  
She starts,—a sudden rushing thro' the door  
Tells that her *Freshman* was a Sophomore.

He falls in love, that blissful poet-time—  
And writes a quire or two of wondrous rhyme.  
His sleep is gone, he ever walks the street,  
And strangest thing of all, he does not *eat*.  
His life flows on—a brightly gilded scene—  
A moonlight evening on the College green.  
But soon—alas he had been sadly smitten—  
He finds his saneness folded in a mitten.

And so the tolling bells of being chime  
Away the moments of this Summer-time.  
Its gay luxuriance may not always last —  
It goes' to slumber with the buried past.  
But when it dies a gallant reign is o'er ; —  
Hail to the wild and dashing Sophomore.

The scroll of Nature is unrolled ; —  
Again a change is o'er the scene.  
The glowing canopy of green  
Her potent wand transforms to gold.

The calmer skies of Autumn bring  
The harvest with its loaded train  
Of ripening fruit and yellow grain,  
That waving in the sunlight sing.

The leaves have gained a gayer fringe  
And glitter on the nodding trees ; —  
Or scattered by the Autumn breeze  
The landscape glist'ns, with a gold'n tinge.

A softened light is over all,  
Like that of twilight's lingering ray,  
Which still illumines the parting day,  
Before the shades of evening fall.

The dropping leaves, with rustling sound,  
Pressed by the hastening student's feet —

The mellowed reign of Autumn greet—  
His kindly sway o'er classic ground.

But soon the trees are still and bare ;  
The naked branches are alone ;  
The only sound—the wild wind's moan,  
Which whistles from the storm-king's lair.

It tells that Autumn's sway is o'er ;  
That night has closed his darkening day,  
And becks, with threatening hand, away ;  
He will return again no more.

Autumn has gone ; his dying breath  
Was silvered by the Winter's frost ;—  
But tho' his golden days are lost,  
Their memory lingers e'en in death.

Freshman and Soph. have lived and passed away,  
New actors enter in our College play.  
With manly step and open, earnest brow,  
The Junior treads the changing platform now.  
The early Spring of Freshmanhood is o'er—  
Over the Summer of the Sophomore—  
A fairer, brighter time than all is here—  
The Autumn glory of the Junior year.  
Above the snares that vex the Freshman's path,  
Above the snarer's never pitying wrath,  
The waters of his calm existence glide,  
Like the deep-flowing of the ocean tide.

At prayers he waits his anxious steps no more  
Till eighty others have blocked up the door ;  
But with the foremost leaves the holy spot,  
And drinks his coffee, while the liquid's hot.

When deadly conflict wages on the Delta,  
And sanguine Freshmen in fresh sanguen welter  
The Junior calmly views each shattered shin,  
And begs the Freshmen to "go in and win."  
While light cigar smoke, wreathing o'er the strife,  
Proclaims the tenor of his even life.

He has a part — the wages of ambition —  
On that great day — a College Exhibition/  
And hires a toga, but to dress him quite,  
He must invest him in a vest of white.  
With coat of black and buttons of the same —  
Without the door he waits the expected name ;  
He mounts the Rostrum, looking very pale,  
While storms of claps his welcome advent hail.  
His bow is made — that grand, artistic start,  
That cuts the water of the coming part.  
Perchance he tells in verse with poet-look,  
How "fresh-delivered are river and brook."  
Or sees the tear steal down the maiden's cheek  
As soft he utters the mellifluous Greek.  
But look, he stops — his minutes were but four —  
Alas, that such an one should have no more.

The Junior often in the village school,  
Takes up the sceptre of an awful rule.  
Far in the woods he wields the faithful rod  
Or seeks the fertile pastures of Cape Cod—  
Devoting thus the Autumn of his days,  
To whipping children into 'wisdom's ways.  
Imparting, too, a purer moral tone,  
By introducing morals of his own.  
The leaves that gayly on the Junior's head,  
When Autumn dawned their changing glories  
shed,—

Have withered, for the icy winds draw near  
That bear the monarch of the ending year.  
Our Junior age is over. In the west,  
Our Autumn star, still shining, goes to rest.  
The hours its light once gilded, all are o'er;  
Their joys have fled—they will come back no  
more.

But in our hearts that star's unfading rays  
Will keep forever green these happy days.

The College yard is wreathed in snow  
And all is cold and drear;  
The trees moan out their song of woe,  
For Winter's lord is here.

Whatever lived 'neath warmer skies  
Is faded now and dead ;—



Nor leaf, nor bud may greet our eyes ;—  
Their board of death is spread.

The pump looks cold with wintry strife,  
Nor opes its mouth of wood  
Amid the ups and downs of life;  
'Twould *shiver* if it could.

The time-stained walls are guant and bare,  
The bricks are grim and old,  
And thro' the crannies everywhere  
Sweeps in the cheerless cold.

But when the fire at evening beams  
With ruddy, pleasant light,  
And forth from out the window gleams  
Its offering to the night,

The glow defies the winter's power  
To make the moments sad,  
When buoyant comrades crown the hour  
And youth's high hearts are glad.

Last scene of all, must Winter close  
The Seasons' mystic train,  
And, with the melting of his snows,  
Forget his ice-bound reign.

The end is nigh, and ebbing fast  
The one, short life-hour flies.

A backward glance upon the past —  
And then the old year dies.

Again the scene is changed, yet one act more  
And the whole drama of our life is o'er.  
The rest have played. / The Senior but remains,  
The man of weighty and abundant brains.  
Among whose locks the Winter spirit strew  
A grain or two of wisdom-giving snow.  
He comes with wrinkled brow and thoughtful look,  
Which tell of midnight porings o'er his book,—  
And the grave air that marks the College sage  
Who's lived to see the Winter of his age.  
He has a calm contempt for all below  
The priceless *ore* that decks the Senior's *row*.  
He laughs at College jokes as children's play,  
And wishes hazing could be done away.  
He scorns the boyish, Sophomoric sting —  
But shuns a Freshman as an unclean thing.

He is a Senior — the great man of all,  
Whose frowning eyes the boldest Fresh. appal ;—  
The fated object of the Mother's schemes —  
The whiskered hero of the daughter's dreams  
Who, when Commencements' sun shall set, is free  
To woo and win — that squire of a degree.

Oh, 'tis the *otium* of scholastic life  
*Cum dignitate*. Come not toil and strife

To mar the pleasures of his thornless breast,  
Or *wrest* the calmness from his peaceful *rest*.

As Winter's joys are of the lighted room  
Where one forgets the dark, external gloom,  
So does the Senior in his hoary age  
Eternal war 'gainst outward duties wage.  
Firm in the right, unblushingly he dares  
To claim the freedom of domestic prayers ;—  
And when the *bells*, at morning, echo deep  
He wakes, *rebels*, and so he falls asleep ;  
And dreams that fate has ended all his cares  
And sent him where they ring no bells for prayers.

But o'er the Senior clouds impending lower,  
As Winter hastens towards the closing hour ;  
The time approaches, when those friends must  
part,  
Who've woven Friendships closest round the  
heart,—  
Must part—perchance to meet no more again,  
In the new paths of life they tread as men.

One wild hurraing round the old elm tree—  
One song from leaping hearts and voices free,—  
That still the touch of memory's wand may twine  
Around the happy days of "Auld Land Syne"—  
A crowded thronging on "Commencement Day,"

Once more with classmates in a full array —  
One hearty grasp — one parting word at last —  
And "College Life" lives only in the past.

Classmates, the Seasons thrice have dressed the  
College yard,

Since first we wandered o'er these scenes alone, —  
And prayed the kindly genius of the place to  
guard

Our barks across the sea — untried — unknown.

Time, with his never resting, ever wasting waves,  
Has borne us on along his silent tide ; —  
Three joy-fraught years are sleeping in their  
hallowed graves ; —

One year is left — that will not long abide.

We've known the new-born pleasures of a gladden-  
ing Spring —

The cloudless glories of a Summer-morn —  
We've plucked the golden fruits that Autumn's  
harvests bring

And Autumn, Summer, Spring, all now are gone.

Twelve fleeting months — and Winter — last to  
die — is o'er,

"Fair Harvard" has no other joys to give —  
The Ocean-waters bear us from the fading shore,  
Another life, in the great world, to live.

But when this brightly-colored, brief existence  
ends,  
Our parting song shall, sadly lingering, swell,  
And tremblingly the tongue to cherished scenes  
and friends  
Shall speak the heart-grief in its last farewell.

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## COLLEGE SOCIETY ODE.

The tree that we planted so tenderly here,  
When its weakness entreated our aid,  
Which fondly we cherished while danger was near,  
And lovingly nursed thro' the shade  
Has opened its arms to the nourishing showers  
And grown in the generous light,  
Till its branches have blossomed all over with  
flowers,—  
We're breathing their fragrance to-night.

The perfume that floats from the blossomings fair  
To the wantoning breezes is flung,  
But, at last, when the flow'rs shall have faded in  
air,  
The boughs with the fruit shall be hung.

And the wreaths to be woven of gold and of green  
That the fays in the branches entwine,  
As they blend with the sunlight that dances  
between,  
Shall be laid on our brotherly shrine.

Oh, green be the tree that waves over us now  
When we rest in its shadows no more,  
And sweet be the voice of the murmuring bough  
As it whispers of days that are o'er,  
For we cannot forget that our parting is near,  
That to-night we must tremblingly tell  
To the joys and the friends we have counted so  
dear,—  
The words of our solemn farewell.

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## THE COURSE OF THE STREAM.

Darting from a fairy fountain,  
Quivering in the silver jet,  
All adown the silent mountain,  
Came the new-born rivulet.

Flowed the water, tripping, leaping,  
To the music of its song ;

Like the rustling grain at reaping,  
Swept the dancing waves along.

Overhead the branches twining,  
Shadows on the brooklet made;  
Thro' the leaves the sunlight shining,  
Mingled kindly with the shade.

And the pearly pebbles glistened  
That aneath the waves did lie,—  
Silently—as if they listened,  
To the ripples floating by—

While the mossy banks that greenly  
Watched the foaming wavelets glide,  
In the stillness smiled serenely,  
At the beauty of the tide.

And the branches stayed their playing,  
Mirrored in the wave to look;  
But the secrets it was saying,  
Told them not the laughing brook.

Onward thro' the forests flowing,  
Onward toward the rushing sea,  
Broader, deeper, fairer growing,  
Shadowing what it was to be,—

With a song of mirth and sweetness,  
That its lonely way beguiled,

Onward to a fair completeness,  
Sped away the river-child.

As girlhood sees its golden dawn  
Maturing into riper day,—  
When, softly o'er life's pictured lawn,  
The light of maidenhood doth play ;—

So, winding thro' the meadows green  
That there the cooling waters wet,  
A silver brook illumed the scene,—  
No more the bounding rivulet.

Its waves rolled on with calmer beat,  
Than in the early mountain-time ;  
And seemed the merry elves to greet,  
In words it sang in sweeter rhyme.

And as it laved its banks the while  
And bathed their verdure in the spray,  
They gave the streamlet back a smile,  
That cheered it on its seaward way.

It flowed by fields of waving grain,  
Where laughs to life the yellow corn ;  
And gladdened is the silken train,  
For, lo ! it waits the harvest morn.

And where along the sunny glade,  
The grass doth woo the wind's caress ;



The farmer knows the generous aid,  
That shall his barns with plenty bless.

It flowed thro' pastures wide and fair ;  
While standing on the shelving brink,  
And snuffing in the freshened air  
The buxom cattle come to drink.

By hills that blossomed with the vine,  
The stream, in careless measure, ran ;  
And soon shall come the welcome wine,  
"That maketh glad the heart of man."

But when the night has drawn her veil,  
And moonlight — merry moonlight — comes,  
When man bids sleep and dreaming hail,  
And nothing but the stillness hums ;

Another beauty shrouds the brook,  
And, till the hours of night are o'er,  
The pages of a fairer book  
Are shining with the rhythmic lore.

Beneath the moon the waters glide  
And watch the witching spell it weaves,  
The ripples dance adown the tide —  
'Tis like the play of silver sheaves.

They wind along the haunted dell,  
Below the ruined castle-wall ;

And lightly doth the streamlet tell,  
The legends that enshrine them all.

The fairies raise a laughing shout  
From underneath their trysting-tree ;  
'Tis strange, when such bright things are out  
Mortals are *never* there to see !

But moonlight fair, nor sunlight sheen —  
Howe'er they charm the glancing track,—  
Tho' "bonny banks" it flow between —  
Can keep the hopeful current back.

Flow on ! ye shall not miss the goal  
That lies beyond you and afar ;  
Ye waves, that to the ocean roll,  
Behold yon guiding *Ocean-Star* !

Behind are the waters that sprang from the fountain,  
And dashed in the wildness of life down the mountain ;  
Behind is the brook that was peacefully laving  
The banks where the flowers and the branches  
were waving.

Farewell to you all, and farewell to you ever,—  
Before lie serenely the waves of the river,—  
How calm and majestic the murmurless tide !  
How softly it runneth the green banks beside !

With a power all exultant that knows it is free,  
Thro' sunlight and shadow it moves to the sea.  
It rolls through the wood by the side of the hill,  
Where the silence is cheered by the busy old mill :  
The harvest is in — and the river again  
Shall welcome the corn that illumined the plain ;  
It had watched the long leaves in the summer  
appear,

It had watched on the stalk the full corn in the ear.  
And would it reveal the weird things it has seen,  
It could tell how the corn turns to gold from the  
green.

And, now, when the farmer comes down to the mill,  
The *red corn* the water remembereth still ;  
By the hand of the miller the strong tide is led,—  
And, lo—on the table is shining the *bread*.  
But the silvery waves never stop in their play,—  
The star that is leading calls ever away ;  
Tho' no longer they roll as the bright ripples ran,  
For the rivulet-child is the proud river-man.  
Still on, and they hear the live world in its song,  
And cities are smiling their borders along :  
Still on—and tall ships on the fair waters ride,  
And go down to the sea with the flow of the tide ;  
Now nearer and clearer, soft whisperings come  
Which welcome the river like voices of home.  
Still silently on—till it reaches the goal,

Where before the glad waters "great Ocean" doth  
roll :

The tired river falls on his fatherly breast,  
And, clasped in his arms, sinketh sweetly to rest.  
While above—the bright guide it had followed so  
far —

Still shines o'er the Ocean that beautiful Star.

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## LETTER,

WRITTEN TO THE PLYMOUTH HOME AFTER A THANKSGIVING VISIT.

Should you ask me, why this letter ?

With a Portsmouth odor on it —

Why this note of tribulation —

Writ with little skill of scribe-craft ?

I should answer, I should tell you,

Very briefly I should tell you,

Very quickly I should answer,

Why I write this note of sorrow,

Why this note of love and sorrow,

As the painting of the Ojibways,

So this note of love and sorrow.

If you still should further ask me,

Why, each line of this my letter

Hath a letter to begin with,  
Larger than the other letters,  
Ten times larger than the largest ?

I should answer, I should tell you —  
Very much provoked, tell you  
'Tis a Poem, O benighted,  
Poem very much benighted,  
In trochaic verse indited  
And the very shortest sighted  
Ought to see, that in a Poem  
Every line begins with letters  
Larger far than all the others,—  
Ten times larger than the largest,  
Large as is a great Puk Wudgie!  
Hiawatha's peace-pipe large as !

If you still should further ask me,  
Any further questions, ask me,  
I should answer, I should tell you  
Mildly, and yet firmly tell you,  
Listen, hearken to my answer ;—  
Like the Ajidanmo chatting  
Are the tongues of teasing woman !

Yester morning very sadly  
Puffywuffy, steam-king, bore me  
To the regions of the Northwest,  
Of the Northwest wind Kaberjim,  
Sadly, for they were not with me  
Those I love and some who loved me.

Like the flying Pawpukkiewis  
When he fled from Hiawatha,  
From the avenging Hiawatha,  
Fled the steam-king, Puffywuffy,  
With his moccasins of fire made !  
With his mittens of the pine wood  
And his pantaloons of water !  
Puffywuffy did not scare me,  
Though he groaned a horrid groaning,  
Tho' he puffed a peaceful puffing  
And he smoked the peace-pipe, did he ;  
And the sun shone fiercely, saying  
“ Life is hard and man is heartless,  
Life is cold and man is cruel,  
Money rules, the bank-bill, gold-dust—  
Make much money, Jimmie Kendall.”  
And the moon took off her night-cap  
Popped her venerable head up  
Smiled benignantly—and growled out  
“ Life's the sunniest thing I know of,  
Only find out how to live it,  
Man's the jolliest air-consumer,  
Learn to keep him always jolly  
Money rules not, rule thou money—  
Bank-bill, gold-dust best thing going,  
*Spend* much money, Jimmie Kendall.”

Thus it was we went to Boston

With our baggage, went to Boston.  
Slowly went we up to Whipple's  
Famous artist's, Mr. Whipple's,  
Man who makes another of you,  
Man who makes the sun his pencil;—  
Said I, "Mr. Whipple, can you  
From a picture you have taken  
Take another just as good as  
That was?" Answered Mr. Whipple,  
"They will be but slightly unlike  
Very like to one another,  
I will take the copy for you,  
You shall choose if you will have it."  
Said I "Thank you, Mr. Whipple."  
"You are welcome, Jimmie Kendall,"  
And amid the bustling many,  
Many rushing o'er the pavement,  
Many going, men and women,  
Going for the sake of going,  
Many coming, men and women,  
Coming, tired to death of going.

Next we entered this the doorway,—  
Swelling out to fill the doorway—  
Of a building where great books were,  
Filled with books from top to bottom! .  
Said I, "I have come a wooing  
For a picture, come a wooing,

'Tis the 'Starlight and the sunbeam,'  
That I've come to woo and buy too ;  
For the wigwam of my Auntie,  
Wants the starlight for the darkness,  
Wants the sunbeam when the clouds come.  
"You shall have it," said the shopboy,  
"Have the 'starlight and the sunbeam.'"

Then I roamed until a maiden,  
Blue-eyed, bright-haired Portsmouth maiden,  
Met me in the angry tumult,  
Asked me to take dinner with her,  
Smiled I then, for love I dinner.  
And I asked the damsel gently  
If she would not like to go up  
To the Athenæum with me,  
Pretty pictures look at with me,  
So we went to see the pictures,  
And we stayed the pictures seeing  
Till the hour had come for dinner  
Till the hour had gone for dinner,  
Left the maiden at her door stone,  
In her house I left my dinner !

Ran I then and got my picture,  
Wrote the note and took the picture,  
To the Express, I took the picture,  
But the Express had gone before,  
Very early did the Express go !



What to do was quite a puzzle ;—  
Soon the Portsmouth train must take me  
To the land of Shining Wabun,  
So I could not to the depot,  
Plymouth depot, take the bundle,  
And to Rich the Expressman it give,  
As he stood there in the Depot !

What to do was quite a puzzle,  
Just then, up a Classmate sauntered,  
Said that he would take the picture,  
Send it to the Plymouth depot.  
Did it reach you in your wigwam ?  
Did it stop not ere it reached you ?  
Much I feared it might not reach you,  
Sad I shall be if it did not.

This is why I write this letter  
With the Portsmouth odor on it,  
Like the painting of the Ojibways,  
Only not so easy found out,  
Love to all who love to be loved,  
Those who love me and that I love,  
Fare thee well, I may not linger ;—  
I am called, I must not linger,  
To the Isle of Nodding Night-cap,  
To the " Kingdom of the Sleep-God,"  
To the land of dreams and shadows !

NOTE 1ST.—Having had no Hiawatha (the latest work on Indian nomenclature) at hand, I cannot answer for the orthography.

NOTE 2ND.—The allusion to fire, wood and water, as the elements of motion in the Engine, we regard as painfully grand.

AUTHOR.

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## MARY ANN.

FOR A FAIR.

Maiden with the mossy tresses,  
Wavy tresses, bright and golden,  
Shining in the air of Summer,  
Floating on the pleasant South-wind,  
Hear my sad and touching story,  
Listen to my plaintive story!

I was very much in love with  
Mary Ann just round the corner;—  
Mary Ann of eyes so dancing,  
Dancing to the wicked music  
Of her hard and frozen bosom;  
And I thought, she thought a little  
Tender, of the sad subscriber—  
Always sitting at the window,  
When I went just round the corner,  
Always smiling at the window

As she spied me round the corner.

(O that corner! O my heart strings  
Pulled around that fatal corner!

If you ever feel like loving  
Never love around a corner.)

Oftentimes she threw a kiss out,  
Threw a kiss, my Mary Ann did;  
Oftentimes she said "Come in John,"  
Oftentimes said John came in.

Oh! the little parlor in there,  
With its winking, wicked carpet,  
And its flirting, flashing fire-light  
And M. A. down on a cricket!  
Goodness! sitting on a cricket;—  
Pa and Ma, and all the children  
Gone to bed and left us there.

Oh! the witching nights of winter!

Oh! that parlor in the winter!

Oh! that female on the cricket!

(If you ever feel like loving  
Don't love what sits on a cricket.)

Well, one night,—oh dear, it's dreadful  
For to tell, or even think it!

I had stepped just round the corner  
Seen my Mary through the window,  
Walked within the little parlor,  
And there on the usual cricket

Sat the lonely spider waiting  
For the foolish fly to come in  
To the parlor, pretty parlor —  
By and by the old folks started  
And we sat there,—we two sat there.  
Pretty soon I sat up closer,  
Kinder took her hand and whispered  
“Mary Ann, dear Mary Ann, I”—

Here I choked, it was'nt in nature  
To get thro' without some trouble;—  
“Mary Ann, my thoughts have settled  
Pretty much about this corner,  
I like you the best of all the  
Girls I know;—now will you have me?”  
I looked up, her face was purple,  
Purple with a fit of laughing,  
Laughing as if it would kill her,  
“John” says she, “I guess 'twill kill me.”

Off she went a laughing, harder  
Than she laughed before—I racked my  
Brains to find out what in goodness  
Made a Christian woman laugh so,  
'Cause a man had spoke up to her.  
Says she, “John I can't help laughing,  
Laughing as if it would kill me,  
For last night I said I'd marry  
'Bijah, round the other corner.”

Wildly rushed I out the parlor,  
Leaving Mary laughing at me;—  
Wildly rushed I through the entry  
Right against a man there, rushed I  
Who but 'Bijah,—he was laughing,  
He'd been harking at the key-hole!  
Seized I 'Bijah by the collar,  
Dragged I 'Bijah thro' the front door,  
And amid the shrieks of Mary,  
Swung I 'Bijah round that corner!

So to-day I go to Egypt,  
Maiden, you have heard my story :  
Drop a tear upon my story ;—  
Story of a true love smothered  
By a Mary Ann and 'Bijah.—[*Exit in tears.*]

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TO A. E. H.

FOR HER ALBUM.

I watch the snow-flakes drawing down  
A white veil over field and town,—  
And my unresting spirit longs  
For birds and flowers and Summer songs.

In rosy clouds and glancing leaves  
I see the spell the Summer weaves ;—  
But now I think, forgetting her,  
How beautiful the snow-flakes were.

Teach me, beneath whatever skies,  
To find the beauty ere it flies ;  
So will a blessing come to mine  
From out that sunny soul of thine,  
CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 12, 1859.

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## LETTER TO J. W. B.,

ON HIS GIVING UP HIS SCHOOL AND BECOMING REPRESENTATIVE.

BOSTON, Jan. 1, 1859.

Nephew living down in Boston,  
Wearing spectacles and white hair,  
To his uncle in the country —  
(Large man living in the country,  
With the blue coat and brass buttons,  
Bright blue coat and shiny buttons),  
To his uncle sendeth greeting.  
First the nephew sends his uncle  
And his uncle's wife and children —

(Charming wife—young lady cousins)  
Wishes for a happy new-year—  
Happy new-year, full of sunshine,  
Full of flowers and birds and blue skies—  
Pocket money very plenty—  
Good fat eating all the year round,  
Christmas dinners every noon time,  
When it aint Thanksgiving dinners.  
Then the nephew takes his uncle—  
By the right hand of his uncle,  
(Not his real hand—flesh and blood hand,  
But a kind of pen and ink hand),  
And he shakes it very warmly—  
Squeezes it and shakes it warmly,  
Winking at the same time strongly,  
Smiling at the same time mildly,  
Smiling, winking, looking, beaming—  
Pointing, too, outside the window,  
With his left hand out the window—  
At a line of moving urchins,  
Moving slowly from the precincts.  
Big and little—coats and jackets,  
Moving all from bed and board off,  
And the nephew says good riddance,  
And the uncle says good riddance,  
And the Aunt, she says good riddance,  
And the cousins say good riddance,

All the household in a chorus,  
Singing in a household chorus,  
Bid the boys good bye, and also —  
Bid the boys good riddance also,  
“No more walking says the uncle —  
Walking up and down the school room  
Teaching little boys their letters,  
Bothering my brains with school boys,  
Bothering *their* brains with letters.  
No more mending ragged boys up,  
Says the aunt, and smiling says it,  
No more stockings very ragged  
More of holes in them than stockings.  
No more jackets torn and dirty  
Pantaloons just like the jackets,  
No more rompings thro’ the entries,  
No more animals to fodder.”  
(I mean in the house to fodder)  
Little animals whose stomachs  
Are unbounded — always hungry,  
Seem like made of India Rubber,  
Stretch the more the more you put in.

“No more rude boys,” say the children,  
“Plaguing us as boys all like to :  
Treating us as if young ladies  
Were a pack of rude boys also.”



So the family in chorus,  
Sing good bye to all the urchins.

Next, the nephew down in Boston,  
Gently stirs his worthy uncle  
Up a bit, and just reminds him  
How next Wednesday he must enter  
The great building down in Boston,  
Building with the round top on it,  
Many steps lead up unto it,  
And the people that are sent there  
Are the saving of the nation ;  
Sent there by the votes of Freemen —  
Freemen of this mighty nation,  
Nation of the ramping eagles ;  
Any fine day you may see them  
Sitting round there on the stone steps,  
Munching on the sunny stone steps,  
Gingerbread and other fixings,  
Sold by various little peddlers  
To the members who have eagle  
Feathers in their beaver hat bands.

Last, the nephew hopes the uncle  
Won't forget his white-haired nephew,  
White hair tumbled by the uncle  
At the Golden Wedding Pow Wow  
At the farm house in the hollow.

## “'TIS SWEET TO REMEMBER.”

'Tis pleasant to recall the past,  
And on its scenes to dwell ;  
To think of joys too bright to last,  
Of friends once loved so well.

Oh, yes, 'tis sweet to call to mind  
The thoughts of days gone by,  
And in the heart's own chaplet bind  
The flowers of memory.

So, too, 'twill be in future time,  
As on life's waters flow ;  
Oft will the bells of memory chime  
And tell of long ago ;

Of thoughtless childhood's merry hours,  
Its mirth encircled brow ;  
No thorns are mingled with the flowers  
That strew its pathway now ;

Of buoyant youth so wild and free,  
Life's bright, ideal age —  
The fairest gift of memory  
To scan its sunny page.

Perchance, amid these dreams so bright,  
A tear may dim the eye ;

Perchance, the veil of sorrow's night  
May cloud the memory.

As soft it whispers sad and low  
Of early friends and true,  
To whom so many years ago  
We bade our last adieu.

And yet 'tis dear when all alone  
To dream that they are nigh,  
Again to hear the gentle tone  
And see the beaming eye.

Yes, memory's gifts a brighter hue  
O'er saddened feelings cast,  
And clothe with beauty ever new  
The pages of the past.

---

Pour me out a full cup,  
For I swear I will drink —  
I am stronger than once,  
You shall see if I shrink.

See how steady my hand  
Takes the red beaker up;

There is laugh in my soul,—  
So I laugh in the cup.

Yes, I hear what you say,  
That she cares not for me;  
I would give heaven for her —  
That will do — do you see?

I suppose I may love,  
Even her in her hate;  
She will love me at last —  
I am willing to wait.

Ah, you smile at the faith  
That smiles so upon me;  
I was wrong when I drank?  
Well, my friend,— we shall see.

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## A CHAPTER FROM BACHELOR REVERIES.

I drew my chair one evening before the glowing  
grate,  
And fell into a musing mood—almost a dreaming  
state;  
And things, like spirits, flitted in the weird and  
ruddy light

That danced about my study-wall, as darker grew  
the night.

I mused on what my life had been in all its lonely  
bliss,

And whether there would ever dawn a brighter day  
than this ;

Whether another's smile would cheer the pilgrim-  
age of life,

And shine my pathway over,—a *gentle, loving wife*.

And thus I mused, as glimmered the firelight in  
the gloom,

Till very strange it seemed to me, that quiet  
student-room.

I was walking in the moonlight—but O, not now  
*alone*,—

My guarding arm was lovingly around a maiden  
thrown :

All *silently* we moved along the silver-painted  
way —

Our hearts so full we could not speak—we had  
not what to say ;

But silence is most eloquent, when all the world is  
still,

Save the whispers in the branches and the music  
of the rill.

For then in heavenly harmony the golden heart-  
bells toll,

And then in sweet communion is blending soul  
with soul.

O, 'tis a pure and holy thing—the deep strong  
love of youth—

When life is like a pleasant dream, too beautiful for  
truth.

And as I knelt that evening, at love's first, fairest  
shrine,

*She spoke not*, but an angel said “fear not, she will  
be thine.”

And still the moon was lighting the wondrous  
world above;

And soft she seemed to whisper, “moonlight was  
made for love.”

But lo, a change came lightly o'er the spirit of my  
dream,—

A picture may not linger long, drawn in the moon's  
pale beam.

That hour so fraught with hope and love may come  
again no more;

Floating on *manhood's* Ocean, the dream of *youth*  
is o'er.

But how serene and beautiful each gently swelling  
wave!

How full of joy the happy scenes the mirrored sur-  
face gave!

'Twas evening, and the blazing hearth sent out a  
pleasant light

That danced about the ample room and on a merry  
sight.

And mirthful faces sparkled, and sitting on my  
knee

Were two sweet cherub-children, so winning in  
their glee.

The arches of the old room rang with fun and  
frolic wild;

And blessed angels looked from Heaven on the  
fair ones and smiled.

Buoyant with life and beauty—beaming with  
laugh and song—

They knew no thought of sadness, their life had  
not been long.

And on their joyous frolic—their free and careless  
grace—

The mother gazed—a loving smile illumining her  
face;

As true and faithful thro' the years, alike in weal  
and woe,

As when I won her girlish heart, that evening long  
ago.

O, 'twas a clear, a steadfast love, that bound that  
happy band,

Such as the guileless beings know, who haunt the  
spirit land.

And fervently I prayed that night, that he would  
guard them all,  
Whose ever-watching Providence "lets not a spar-  
row fall."

This passed away and once again a change came  
o'er my dream ;  
So, ruffled by the gentlest breeze, will change the  
running stream.  
No longer did the ringing laugh strike sweetly on  
the ear—  
The evening frolic came no more, the children were  
not here.  
The winter-time of life had strewn its snows upon  
my brow,  
The fleeting sands were nearly run—I was an old  
man now.  
Alone I sat with her who'd been so long a trusting  
wife—  
Who'd known with me the joys of earth, who'd  
dared with me its strife.  
We talked of scenes in other days, that pleasant  
shadows cast,  
And watched the silver current roll back into the  
past.  
Then, strong in faith, we looked beyond the com-  
ing stream of death



And knew that we should live again, when stopped  
our mortal breath ;  
And prayed that when our life should end, to us it  
might be given,  
As we had lived and loved on earth, to live and  
love in Heaven.

A falling tear upon my hand the fragile dream-  
spell broke,  
And, wishing life were but a dream, all sadly I  
awoke.  
That gentle one had winged her flight back to the  
spirit land ;  
Sweet fancy's golden sway was o'er, broken her  
magic wand.

One hope I breathed, that, as my dream, my life to  
come, might be,—  
A dream, without a waking time,—a bright  
reality.

## POEM.

DELIVERED AT THE SILVER WEDDING OF REV. JAMES A. AND  
MARIA B. KENDALL.

The *place*, a room not over clean,  
The *time*, twilight and dark between ;  
The *Dramatis Personæ* by  
My friend the Bachelor, and I.—  
I with a wife as sweet as May—  
(Don't look, she isn't here to-day)  
He in his one-pronged cloudy life,  
A pipe, and cat and dog — no wife ;  
I, bound to take life with a laugh  
And mix and drink it half and half.  
He put his feet up on the shelf  
And snugged down in his chair himself ;  
Lighted a pipe—his cap pulled down,  
And closer drew his dressing gown.  
Puffed out with smoke each unkissed cheek,  
And in this wise, went on to speak :  
“And so you're married — what a goose,  
Pray tell me, can you, what's the use ?  
Poor fool ! your face is full of creases.  
Your *peace* of mind has gone to *pieces* ;  
You'd get out of it if you could  
And be with me and singlehood ;

Alas, the *hood* has taken wings  
You let a woman cut the strings,  
Your poor head now has nothing on it  
Except the shadow of a *bonnet*,  
See me — feet up, head up — all right —  
My own man, free as an owl at night ;  
On life's dry desert I'm a patch  
Of green, a real old happy Bach.  
My purring cat, my dog and I  
Find life made up of all blue sky ;  
My pipe rounds off the pleasant joke —  
Thought I, it ends it all in smoke.  
But you, there is no you ; I mean  
The ashes of what you have been —  
Your mother'd hardly know for her son  
This echo of another person —  
You're trotted out to do her shopping —  
Your wife at all the windows stopping.  
Now own up, do you think that popping  
The question paid ? ” He gave a puff  
Suggesting that he'd said enough.

Would'st hear what I said back to him  
As twilight grew more deep and dim ?  
Perhaps I didn't say a word —  
Perhaps, the cat an answer purred —  
No matter — when I went away  
I got a little bird to stay

And tell me what the young man's head  
Was full of while he was in bed.  
Next morn, as daylight 'gan to beam,  
He sang me out the young man's dream.

The room was gay with life and light ;  
Fair women moving, robed in white ;  
A quaint old room that seemed to smile  
On what was going on the while ;  
And tears and laughter, prayers and song  
Were borne in changeful play along.  
And in the foreground, as he dreamed,  
*The Bachelor* among them seemed.  
A fair girl stood beside him there —  
And orange flowers were in her hair ;  
Blue eyes, down-turned, and on her face  
The beauty of a new-born grace —  
Tears, too, lay softly on her cheeks  
And while they fall an old man speaks ;  
The music of the old man's words  
Is sweeter than the singing birds.  
Ah, ha ! what meant that life and light ? —  
He dreamed it was his wedding night.

And so that picture faded by,  
Another quite as fair came nigh.  
He thought that life had filled for him  
Its cup of gladness to the brim ;

The way was thick with flowers—a wife  
Had drawn new beauty out of life.  
Time had been playing with his hair  
And putting threads of silver there,  
And borne him with his matron-bride,  
Adown the ebbing of its tide.

Once more they stand with gentle friends  
And heart to heart in friendship bends ;  
Dear voices long unheard they hear  
And catch the pleasant words of cheer ;  
And read in notes of memory's pen  
The stories of their lives again.  
Ah, ha ! his wings, our friend is spreading—  
He's dreaming of his Silver Wedding.

That didn't wake him—turning over  
He went on dreaming, quite in clover,  
And still another picture came,  
A changed one, yet somehow the same.  
An old man now—she too is old,  
Whose hair was once as bright as gold ;  
For many years have winged their flight,  
Since Heaven smiled on their wedding night.  
“So many,” says he, “it doth seem  
Almost the wedding of a dream ;  
So long ago—so much between  
And yet 'tis real, wife, I ween.

We've lived long time here, you and I,  
And watched the play of life go by;  
Sometimes the sunlight in the air  
Shook out in love its golden hair,  
And sometimes sorrow was our lot  
That came in love, too, did it not?  
So in the sunshine and the shade  
To us a sweet tune life has played."

So this real life of ours doth seem  
Sometimes a picture in a dream.

They see kind faces in their home  
And hear sweet words of greeting come;  
Children and children's children there,  
With eyes of blue and golden hair.  
Again from out the living throng  
Come tears and laughter, prayers and song.  
A fairer, steadier light doth fall  
In chastened beauty over all.  
What star this mellow light is shedding?  
His dream has reached its "Golden Wedding."  
His grand-child sits upon his knee,  
The youngest blossom of his tree.  
She puts her laughing mouth to his  
To give and take the expected kiss.  
And so the Bachelor awoke  
To find his cat—a kitten's freak,  
Tapping her paw upon his cheek.

“Pshaw! what a dream — get out you cat,  
A pretty night’s work I’ve been at;  
But after all — that fair ideal,  
I can’t help wishing might be real.”  
A tear dropped slowly down his cheek —  
And that was all — he did not speak.

And so my little bird stopped singing  
Just as the breakfast bell was ringing.

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## TOASTS

AT THE SILVER WEDDING OF REV. J. A. AND M. B. KENDALL.

Our Silver Wedding and the other wedding, it commemorates.

*Our Cousins.*—The bridesmaids and groomsmen of the Silver Wedding. The best thing about being married is the good company one gets into.

*“Fuscus Fiscus.”*—The Brown Basket — new on the 4th of Nov. 1807 — it holds, to-day, the flowers of fifty years. Long life to the Basket — it grows dearer as it grows older.

*Children.*—The andirons of the family hearth. Take them away and the fire tumbles down.

*Single Blessedness.*—It won't do ; in the game of life, doublets win.

*Home.*—The title page of Life's Poem.—“Home Sweet Home.”

The loved ones who are absent and the memory of the dead.

*Our White-haired Pilgrim-Father.*—From his home by Plymouth Rock he sends his blessing.

*Family Trees.*—The best thing for the old stock is a good graft.

“*A Bridal Pair.*”—The handsomest fruit in the orchard.

*The Religion of the Fireside.*—Heaven's own sunshine rests on the “Altar at Home.”

*Household Words.*—Speak them softly.

*The next Silver Wedding.*—Bride and Bridegroom make merry in it,—and may a ray or two of ours to-day, float down and meet its silver beams.

*The Wedding Ring.*—Sung by the assembly.



## POEM.

DELIVERED AT THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF COL. JAMES AND NANCY  
BROWN, NOV. 4, 1857.

To-day, dear friends, sweet voices seem  
To breathe a sound of singing,—  
From field and forest, hill and stream  
A wedding welcome bringing.

A song of fifty years they send  
To crown our happy meeting,  
And with the song the voices blend  
Their "Golden Wedding" greeting.

They hail the givers of the feast,—  
Whose wedded love is shining,  
Although their sun has left its East,  
And daylight is declining.

The voices murmur soft and low  
Of Father and of Mother,  
Whom, in the solemn long ago,  
God gave to love each other.

They welcome home each wandering child,  
From daily work beguiling;  
The scenes that first around them smiled,  
The same to-day are smiling.

But with them comes not one sweet face,—  
The voices have not brought her,—  
There's room beside the children's place  
For one more darling daughter.

Faith whispers, "that dear one is here,  
A spirit-presence given,  
In shining garments doubly dear—  
The child of Earth and Heaven."

She taketh by the hand each friend,  
Her pure delight confessing,  
And bids upon her home descend  
An angel daughter's blessing.

And one from out the prairied West  
Withholdeth her assistance.  
Oh no! she's standing with the rest:  
The soul forgetteth distance.

And on the children's children falls  
The Wedding salutation;  
The welcome of the voices calls  
For their congratulation.

We place upon the household shrine  
The flowers of our thanksgiving:  
O, may the garland we entwine  
Be always fresh and living!

And we, too, miss familiar forms,  
That once with love were beaming;  
But Faith again our bosom warms,  
And says, "'tis only seeming."

From hearts that with remembrance burn,  
Dear friends are absent never;  
The buried ones with us return—  
More beautiful than ever.

The last loved one, that died in June,  
Our perfect circle roundeth;  
And like the breath of some sweet tune,  
Her gentle greeting soundeth.

Grandchildren, children, wanting none,  
All gather to caress us;  
And Heaven's approval must be won,  
If angels come to bless us.

Of brothers and of sisters, three  
Alone are with the living;  
And two of them 'tis ours to see,  
Their cordial presence giving.

And now a welcome meets once more  
The few friends, that remember  
The Wednesday, fifty years before  
The fourth of this November.

The bridesmaids of that wedding day  
    *Our* bridesmaids shall be reckoned ;  
They graced the *first*, and surely they  
    Will smile upon the *second*.

We greet the girl,—too young to see  
    The bride and bridegroom married ;—  
But now, as then, by her the tea  
    And sugar shall be carried.

The house its doors flings open wide  
    To its assembled cousins :  
And takes a good, old-fashioned pride  
    In all these loving dozens.

The sunshine of their glad array  
    Its loyal heart rejoices ;  
And welcome is the friendly play  
    Of faces and of voices.

But one face more it hoped might be  
    In all our merry-making ;  
It yearned one other guest to see  
    The marriage-feast partaking.

The snows of almost ninety years  
    His silvery hairs have sprinkled,  
But fresh and green, through smiles and tears,  
    The soul has come unwrinkled.

He might not speak with us the prayer,  
To God's dear love appealing,  
And yet our wedding-day shall share  
His tender thought and feeling.

And so, dear friends, the voices seem  
Their song-light to be shedding ;  
And field and forest, hill and stream,  
To hail our Golden Wedding.

And if you'll walk awhile with me,  
By brook and meadow olden,  
We'll find out how it came to be,  
And what has made it, "golden."

The Summer had ended its beautiful song,  
Of the nights that are rare, and the days that are  
long :

It had wrought out its work, in the warmth of its  
sun ;

It had died with its flowers, when its work-day was  
done :

The footsteps of Autumn were treading the plain,  
And the fields were astir with the life of the grain !  
A new love in river and woodland was born,  
As the breath of the wind went a-wooing the corn.  
But the scenes we look out on were wondering  
then

At the clangor of hammers and bustling of men ;

For I tell you a tale of the days that have been,  
And how they were building the house we are in.

A young man was standing the workmen beside,  
As the hammers and mallets were busily plied;  
O, the sound of their ringing was sweet to his ear,  
For the blows helped to fashion a home for him  
here.

He had chosen the timbers, all solid and strong;  
Did he know he should want them to stand by him  
long?

He had watched o'er the work, every day, as it  
grew,

To be sure that the workmen were thorough and  
true;

O, how or of beauty or strength could it fail,  
When the heart helped the hammer drive in every  
nail?

Now the fair house was standing in perfected form,  
To smile in the sunshine, or laugh at the storm;  
And the heart of the lover was leaping with glee,  
For he thought of his bride, that its mistress  
should be.

And so, when the fruitage of Autumn was in,  
When the nights to be frosty and longer begin;  
When the corn had been garnered in plentiful  
store,

And was heaped for the husking along the barn-floor ;

When the Indian Summer had borrowed the dress  
Of days that were over, the Autumn to bless,—  
The young man remembered the home of his pride,  
And bore to its threshold his beautiful bride ;  
And, as blushing she crossed it, there fell on her ear  
The song of the voices that welcome us here.

That night, as they sat in the firelight,—those  
two,—

And planned for the future the work they would  
do,

What if some little goblin had chanced to come in,  
(They do say, that such creatures as goblins have  
been,)

And, in his own queer sort of goblinish way,  
Just hinted at what would befall them to-day :  
What a laugh they'd have had at his impudent  
hints,—

That skeptical couple of fifty years since !

Suppose he had told them to put in a pot  
More or less of cold water and heat it up hot ;  
And, like so many oxen, to yoke in the steam,  
And they'd presently have no end of a team ;  
And that, some day or other, right by the back-  
door,

Such a team would come trotting, like lightning,  
— or slower :

To his goblinship then, what d' ye think they'd  
have done

For poking at people, just married, such fun?

Or if he'd suggested, when grass was to mow

That a man with a scythe was tremendously  
“slow ;” —

That two horses would move round a field, by and  
by,

And cut down the acres as true as a die ; —

The comical imp would have had to “make tracks”

Up the chimney, or hide in the neighboring cracks,

For they wouldn't have stood it, I'm sure, any more,

Or to such a wild talker have yielded the “floor.”

Now, if, as they sat there, some spirit did try

To make them believe what would be by and by,

And they happened to treat him in any ill way, —

Ought they not to apologize to him to-day?

But we have no right to give them any hints,

How they should have done, half a century since,

The goblins, we laugh at with our common sense,

May turn upon us, half a century hence.

And so they had armed them to battle with life ; —

The bride and the bridegroom were husband and  
wife ;



Their life-boat was launched on the turbulent wave ;  
Will the helmsman be skilful to guide and to save ?  
There'll be breakers to buffet and tempests to fight,  
When the starlight is sleeping in clouds and in  
night :

And doubt and desponding will darken the soul,  
As the sea bears them on in its merciless roll.  
But be of good courage, the darkness forget,  
For with love at the helm, you shall weather it yet !

I should like to drop in on their Honey-moon days,  
And look up a little their Honey-moon ways ;—  
I wonder if they started off on a jaunt  
To any delightfully popular haunt,—  
To see how many miles in a month they could ride,  
With *one* trunk for the bridegroom, and *ten* for the  
bride.

What an insult to bees, to call this a Honeymoon !  
'Twould be much more appropriate to call it a  
*money-moon* ;

It has none of the *bee*, it would seem to outsiders,  
Except the "*bee-u-tiful*" dresses the bride has.  
I don't believe Grandpa and Grandma would be  
For the honey-moon shine of any such spree ;  
But when their connubial lamp had been lighted,  
I think, (I'm not sure, for I wasn't invited,)  
They quietly rode in an old-fashioned chaise  
And "put up" at home for the Honey-moon days.

Alone with each other, each bending to share  
The burden that fell to the other to bear—  
He come from the stock of the sturdy and strong,  
Who have shrined our New England in story and  
song;

Whose father at Lexington Common had fought  
With the men who would die, but who could not be  
bought;

And who from the air, with his first breathing,  
drew

A strong Saxon courage, to will and to do;—  
And she, in the blossoming summer of life,  
Unlearned in its wisdom, untried in its strife—

Her face written over, in letters of truth,  
With womanly purity, beauty and youth,—  
Both taking upon them true laborers' parts,  
They moved towards the future with resolute  
hearts;

And they looked to the light of the stars overhead  
To illumine the path they had chosen to tread.

O'er the path of the farmer that starlight has  
played,

As it ran in its windings through sunshine and  
shade.

O, the life of the farmer!—their life for so long—  
It has crowned them with blessings,—O give it a  
song!

'Tis the life of the greenwood, the meadow and  
brook ;—

'Tis written in nature's own writing and book ;—

'Tis the life of the simple, the honest, and true ;—

'Tis as fair as the morning, as fresh as its dew ;

And the pictures, that hang on its leaf-covered  
walls,

Are as rich as the sunlight that over them falls ;

“Length of days, in its right hand,” it holdeth, to  
live,

And “riches and honor, its left hand” will give :

To the farmer that loves it, it teaches in turn

The lessons of wisdom he liveth to learn ;

And Summer and Winter and Autumn and Spring

Their tributes of love to his industry bring.

The seed-time is dear to his provident heart,

As he fills in the furrows with delicate art ;

For he knows the good God will look down on his  
need

And waken the harvest, that sleeps in the seed :

And the gladness within him, if spoken, would sing,

That the life of the farmer is fair in the Spring.

But the soft wind of Summer is fanning his brow,

And the beauty of Summer is bounding him now ;

His soul is awake to the life of the scene,—

To the song of the birds, and the wealth of the  
green,

The haymakers, out at the peeping of dawn,  
Away through the dew to the mowing have gone ;  
And stout wagon-loads of the sweet-smelling hay  
Come creaking along at the close of the day.  
The farmer looks in on the generous store,  
And he sends up a prayer, as he turns from the  
door.

O, the husbandman loveth the warm Summer time,  
When Earth seems to whisper her secrets in rhyme.

But what are the blessings the ripe Autumn yields?  
Go, ask of the beauty, that filleth the fields ;—  
Of the tassels, that play in the wave of the grain :  
They will give you an answer to heart and to brain.  
Or, hark if you will, to the song of the corn,  
As it rustles at evening, or bathes in the morn ;—  
Or listen again to the strains, as they come,  
Of the harvesters singing the glad harvest-home ;—  
For this is why Autumn the farmer's heart charms,  
And these are the blessings it bears in its arms.

But Winter is hard for the farmer, at least ?  
Ah ! what will you say of the Christmas-time feast,  
When the bountiful weight of the Winter-days'  
hoard

Is playfully crushing the plentiful board ?  
Or is there not something to cheer and inspire,  
In the glow and the gleam of a great open fire ?

That crackle and sparkle my heart will remember,  
As long as there is such a month as December.  
But if you still think, that the time's melancholic,  
The husking bids come to its corn-colored frolic ;  
Where each rosy girl and the lover beside her  
Are busily chatting on apples and cider.  
"Oh no," says the farmer, "'tis well on my farm—  
My house and my barns and my cattle are warm,  
God is here in the Winter — his child is content ;"  
And in prayer of thanksgiving his bared head is  
bent.

I thank God for the farmer's great heart and hard  
hand ;  
There is no truer nobleman lives in the land :  
He is hardy and brown with the tanning of toil ;  
He has breathed better life from the smell of the  
soil.  
He's above the world's cheats and the tricks of its  
trade,  
On "the broad stone of honor" his firm feet are  
stayed.  
The stuff he is made of, New England can tell,—  
'Tis writ in the freedom he's guarded so well ;  
And if foes or if faction e'er threat to o'erwhelm,  
I have faith in the farmer to bear up the helm.  
And so, when the wings of misfortune are heard,

And the air, as it thickens, with wailings is stirred,  
He bows him with meekness and kisses the rod,  
For the strength that is in him is trust in his God.

I thank God for the wife of the farmer, to-day,—  
Of his house and his heart, the delight and the  
stay ;

For on her the mantle of virtue doth fall,  
And a virtuous woman “excelleth them all.”

A wife and companion, to counsel and cheer —  
'Tis the morning that scatters the mists of our  
fear ;

And she, too, is busy with work of her own,—  
The queen of her dairy, she reigneth alone.

See, how from the churn the rich butter-milk  
drops !

See the sweet, golden butter, you can't buy in  
shops !

O, a song to the farmer, a song to his wife,  
And a song out of love for the husbandman's life !  
For these dear ones the life of the farmer have  
led,—

The half-century path, and the stars overhead ;—  
And this was before them, when starting alone  
They moved down the future to make it their own.

Time passed, and the sunshine had kissed off the  
dew,

And the laughter of children the house had rung  
through.

The morning went by, and the children were  
grown,

They had gone from the homestead to homes of  
their own ;

And when back to the haunts they had left, they  
would come,

Little children came with them to Grandfather's  
home.

To Grandfathers and Grandmothers drink a deep  
health!

To the love that they give, in its infinite wealth ;  
It has made farm and farm-house to us children  
seem

Like the houses we build in a beautiful dream.

We've sat on their knee, and they've shown us the  
paces

Of Grandfather's horse, in his Sabbath-day traces ;  
We've rummaged the house from down stairs to up  
garret,—

Can any one tell how the dear souls could bear it ?  
We've raced through the barn and have played on  
the hay,

And the weeks have been only one long holiday.

Dear children, I promise for your hearts and mine,  
We'll keep them immortal—those days o' lang  
syne.

The nightfall was coming—again they're alone,  
That future's behind them—they've made it their  
own;

They sit, as they sat in the Honey-moon days,  
And watch the old pictures come out of the blaze,—  
And ask, as their faces are warm in the gleam,  
If the life they have lived can be more than a  
dream?

Old friends and old feelings are with them again,—  
They welcome them now, for they cherished them  
then;

And from far, as they look down on the star-lighted  
track,

The years of the by-gone move solemnly back.  
And what is the record that comes with the years?  
Is it written in smiles, or all blotted with tears?  
Does the angel that bears it look frowningly down?  
Or comes he with laurel to weave them a crown?  
The hand-writing is clear, and the angel comes  
down,

And out from the laurel he weaveth a crown.

From the wedding of youth, to the wedding of age,  
'Tis an unsullied record illumines the page.



It is written thereon, how a husband's brave arm  
Has always encircled to shelter from harm;  
How it held the young wife, when the vigor of  
health

Was blessing their home with unspeakable wealth;  
And how 'twas drawn closer, when sickness and  
pain

Were wasting the body and wearing the brain.  
The page of the record is shining and fair,  
With his tender, ay, womanly, nurture and care.

It is writ in the book, of a wife that has stood  
In her purity by him, in evil and good;  
Who gave him her love from a gathering store,—  
(True love, as it giveth, receiveth the more—)  
And the smile of whose cheering unfailingly brought  
A smooth brow from the wrinkles of labor and  
thought.

No wonder, the angel comes down from the blue,  
To crown with his laurels the wives that are true.

Of Father and Mother 'tis written therein,  
How constant their watching and helping have  
been.

As the children remember the dear long ago,  
The tears of their thankfulness silently flow;  
'Tis to bless them they stand by the altar to-day,  
Where their baby-lips learned with their parents  
to pray.

Once more with the book the kind angel descends,—  
And thus the long record of fifty years ends;  
“Each walked by the conscience that speaks in the  
    breast,  
Each meekly the weakness of mortals confessed,—  
Uprightly the highway of duty they trod,  
With the honor of men, and the favor of God;  
Good Christians, good parents, good husband and  
    wife,  
Good friends and good neighbors:”—the record  
    of life.

So twilight is nearing; the gold in the west  
Betokens the sunset, that bringeth the rest,  
The beautiful cloud-tints, that redden the sky,  
Are kissing the daylight, that cometh to die.  
On the stillness of evening, o’er morning and noon,  
Is borne us in echo an old wedding-tune.  
Of sense and of feeling it taketh dear hold,  
The tune is so old,—half a century old.  
But hark! as we listen, a holier hymn  
Fills the cup of the ear and the heart to the brim;  
A new tune is blending its strain with the olden,—  
The old wedding lives in a new one and golden.

May the festival light of the wedding to-day  
Long linger to gladden your westering way.  
May its memories kindle your youth-time anew,

And help for the work that remaineth to do.  
And when the last grains down the life-glass have  
run,  
May you hear the sweet words of God's greeting—  
"Well-done!"

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## ODE.

TUNE. — AULD LANG SYNE.

Come back our festival to grace,  
Ye pleasant days of yore,  
And bring the blessing of the face  
The old time wore.

*Chorus.*—The dear old time that's dead,  
The dear old time;—  
'Tis living in its children yet—  
The dear old time.

It held us in its arms and taught  
The lesson of the years,  
And mingled, with the smiles it brought,  
The old time's tears.—*Cho.*

Through fifty years of loving life,  
We hear the wedding bells;

Of bridegroom, husband, bride and wife,  
The old time tells.—*Cho.*

The friends, who made our being bright,  
The dear ones with the dead,—  
To-day we see them, by the light  
The old time shed.—*Cho.*

A blessing on this friend of ours,  
So gentle and so brave!  
We'll cover tenderly with flowers  
The old time's grave.—*Cho.*

And O, may angels guard, as we  
The darkening hill-side climb,  
And hold us safe, when this shall be  
The dear old time.

*Cho.*—The dear old time that's dead,  
The dear old time;—  
And hold us safe, when this shall be  
The dear old time.

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## EVERMORE.

I beheld a golden portal in the visions of my slumber,

And through it streamed the radiance of a never-ending day;

While angels, tall and beautiful and countless with-  
out number,  
Were giving gladsome greeting to all who came  
that way.  
And the gate, forever swinging, made no grating,  
no harsh ringing,  
Melodious as the singing of one that we adore ;  
And I heard a chorus swelling, grand beyond a  
mortal's telling,  
And the burden of the chorus was Hope's glad  
word *Evermore*.

And, as I gazed and listened, came a slave all worn  
and weary —  
His fetter-links blood-crust, his dark brow  
clammy damp ;  
His sunken eyes gleamed wildly, telling tales of  
horror dreary —  
Of toilsome wanderings thro' the night, amid the  
fever swamp.  
Ere the eye had time for winking, ere the mind had  
time for thinking,  
A bright angel raised the drooping wretch and  
off his fetters tore.  
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a  
mortal's telling :  
“ Pass, brother, thro' our portal — thou 'rt a free-  
man *Evermore*.”

And, as I gazed and listened, came one whom desolation

Had driven like a helmless bark from infancy's bright land ;

Who ne'er had met a kindly look — poor outcast of creation,—

Who ne'er had heard a kindly word, nor grasped a kindly hand :

“ Enter in,—no longer fear thee, myriad friends are there to cheer thee,

Friends always to be near thee—there no sorrow sad and sore.”

Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling :

“ Enter, brother—thine are friendship, love and gladness *Evermore*.”

And, as I gazed and listened, came a woman wildly weeping —

“ I have lost my hopes forever, one by one they went away ;

My children and their father are in the cold grave's keeping,

Life is one long lamentation, I know nor night nor day.”

Then the angel softly speaking: “ stay sister, stay thy shrieking,

Thou shalt find those thou art seeking beyond  
that golden door."

Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a  
mortal's telling:

"Thy children and their father shall be with thee  
*Evermore.*"

And, as I gazed and listened, came a cold, blue-  
footed maiden,

With cheeks of ashen whiteness, eyes filled with  
lurid light;

Her body bent with sickness, her lone heart heavy-  
laden;

Her home had been the roofless street, her day  
had been the night.

First wept the angel sadly, then smiled the angel  
gladly,

And caught the maiden madly rushing from the  
golden door.

Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond  
a mortal's telling:

"Enter sister, thou art pure and thou art sinless  
*Evermore.*"

I saw the toiler enter into rest, for aye from labor,  
The weary-hearted exile there found his native  
land;

The beggar there might greet the king, as an  
equal and a neighbor,

The crown had left the kingly brow, the staff the  
beggar's hand.  
And the gate, forever swinging, made no grating,  
no harsh ringing,  
Melodious as the singing of one that we adore ;  
And the chorus still was swelling, grand beyond a  
mortal's telling,  
While the vision faded from me with the glad  
word *Evermore*.

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## IN MEMORY OF F. W.

TO E. A. W.

My soul is sad, O friend ;  
Have you a sad soul, too ?  
Yet sweet thoughts with my sad ones blend :  
May sweet thoughts come to you.  
  
I think of him who died,  
In life and love so dear ;  
I see a sweet face at my side  
To-day of all the year.  
  
And when *I think*, my heart  
Is cold with fear and doubt ;



But when *I see*, the gray clouds part —  
The smiling heavens look out.

This birthday, I would bend  
My spirit o'er his grave :  
Come with me where the shadows blend  
And swaying branches wave.

A Sabbath night before,  
We came not long ago,—  
And then the sunny flowers you bore  
Were woven in the snow.

So, on the Winter hours,  
You wrought a Summer spell ;  
Knew you that angels love the flowers  
They loved before so well ?

The snow has taken wing,  
The birds and buds are seen ;  
And waking to the life of Spring  
The grass is growing green.

With smile and leaf and song  
The summer cometh near :  
Ah, do you not look up and long  
For Summer's beauty here ?

He loved the life and play  
Of singing birds and flowers ;

It was as if a Summer's day  
Was made of golden hours.

How happy we have been  
In wood and walk and stream !  
We drank full draughts of dear life in  
That broken Summer dream.

Were ever skies so fair,  
Or ever dreams so dear ?  
The yellow sunshine held us there —  
The sad stars only here.

Those dreams and rosy skies  
Will come not as before,  
Under the stars a new grave lies  
And shadows evermore.

Oh no ! a low sweet song,  
The soft air seems to fill,  
That murmurs as it floats along,  
"I love the Summer still.

The beauty of the flowers,  
The singing of the bough,  
The dreams that filled the happy hours  
Light up my spirit now.

Of love's full cup I drink —  
Dear ones still dearer hold ; —

I do not miss one shining link  
Of friendship's chain of gold.

I never knew the charms  
Of home so fair before,—  
For now it folds me in its arms  
And whispers 'Evermore.'

I see each gentle face  
That on my young life smiled,  
And made me cling so to the place  
I played in as a child.

I love there best to be,  
Safe in my own dear home;  
Though eye of none my face can see,  
And no ear hear me come.

And when your souls are bowed  
In silent thought and prayer,  
And you have left the weary crowd,  
Do you not feel me there?

When life is full of fears  
And sings a heavy song,  
My love shall smile away your tears  
And make your spirit strong.

Sometimes the end seems far,  
And night shuts in the way ;

Look up, for I will be the star  
That leadeth to the day.

The Father wills, that so  
My life to yours be given :  
So I may guard you as you go,  
So welcome you to Heaven.

Then say not that the dreams  
Of Summer come not more ;  
For I would have the woods and streams  
Seem brighter than before.

Oh, will not happy days  
Come back again to you,  
If when the light about you plays  
It makes me happy, too?"

Hear you the low sweet song  
That filleth ear and air ?  
Will it not make your soul more strong,  
The world's cold winds to bear ?

My soul *was* sad, O friend ;  
Was not your soul sad, too ?  
In sweet thoughts now my sad ones end :  
God make it so with you.

CAMBRIDGE, April 20th, 1858.







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